

# The Disdained Luna Who Rose Alone

## Chapter 3 An Unexpected Reunion

9-11 minutes

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My heart stopped when I heard that name over the intercom.

...My ex-mate. The Alpha of the Bloodbane Pack.

Wolfe Haven International was the pack's company. I knew it all too well. Diana had made it clear that Alpha Gregory insisted Calvin must become my mate before he could inherit his share of the company.

I knew they were coming to Viremont, but I didn't expect to see them so soon. After three years, just thinking about seeing him again brought back the pain of our broken mate bond. The pain was still as sharp as ever, leaving me frozen at the front door.

A loud thunder shook the whole villa. Right after that, I heard Alexis crying from upstairs. "Mama...!"

Her cry snapped me out of my thoughts. Though man's voice was still coming through the intercom and the doorbell kept ringing, nothing was more important than my scared child. I turned away from the door and rushed upstairs.

When I entered her room, Alexis was sitting up in bed, crying and hugging her teddy bear tight.

"It's okay, baby. Mama's here," I said, hugging her close. I rubbed her back gently and whispered comforting words. She slowly calmed down as she buried her face in my neck.

While I was upstairs comforting my daughter, the man downstairs heard her crying with his keen werewolf hearing.

He was shouting, "Doctor, sorry to disturb you. We know your clinic is the only place here that helps supernatural creatures. We have a sick pup with a dangerous fever! You're a

mother too, you understand how serious this is. We just need medicine, we won't come in. Please help!"

I closed my eyes, feeling a heavy pressure in my chest.

Looking out from the upstairs window, I saw someone standing in the rain. It was Beta Zeon, holding a car door open for his Alpha.

In the back seat, I saw Calvin Wolfe holding a child in his arms. He was wearing a black suit, still as handsome as ever, yet somehow he felt like a stranger to me.

That was my baby boy Rhys. I was pregnant with him for seven months and almost died giving birth to him.

I can't forget the night the twins were born. Rhys was much weaker than his brother Rowan. His cries were so faint, and I was too weak to hold him. The doctor said he might not survive the night. I still remember Calvin's face, empty and scared.

But those moments didn't matter in the end. They didn't stop what Calvin did later.

Rhys and Rowan... my twin sons. They probably don't even remember me now. They grew up with their father. Maybe they think I'm dead.

I knew all this, but my heart still softened.

After Alexis fell back asleep, I carefully tucked her in bed. The doorbell was still going, and I could hear man's desperate voice even from upstairs. I gave Alexis one last look before quietly leaving the room. Each step felt heavy as I walked back downstairs.

Ten minutes later, I stood at the front door with the chain lock still on. I handed the children's fever medicine through the small gap.

The man froze. His voice shook with surprise. "Luna... you're... you're alive?"

This man was a Gamma, a warrior of the pack.

"I'm not your Luna anymore," I said coldly. "Take the medicine and go."

Through the rain, I saw Calvin Wolfe in the back seat of the black SUV. He looked up and our eyes met through the rain and the gap in the door.

He recognized me. I felt a wave of pain that reminded me of everything we once were.

I stood behind the door as rain sprayed in, making my hair and shoulders wet. I was shaking from the cold or from his stare, I wasn't sure.

His eyes pinned me in place. He didn't move, but I could feel the storm of emotions inside him. I couldn't tell if he was angry, hurt, or something else. He was always hard to read.

"Ma'am!" the Gamma called again, begging. "Won't you... won't you see the young Alphas? They've missed you so much..."

My hands gripped the door tightly, but inside I was filled with doubt and hesitation.

Missed me? Did they really remember me? Or was the Gamma just saying that to get my help?

"It's fine... There's no need anymore," I said softly, my voice almost lost in the rain.

I was about to close the door when I saw Calvin got out of the car.

The rain soaked him completely, but he walked toward me like a king. His blue eyes were as intense as I remembered, and he moved with the same powerful grace that always made heads turn. He didn't even seem to notice his wet suit.

He had heard what I said, "There's no need."

I could feel his powerful presence getting closer. Everything seemed to stop, even the rain.

He stood just outside my door. His deep, attractive voice broke the silence.

Just two words, but his rich voice still had the power to affect me. Without looking back, I quickly shut the door, my hand pressed against my pounding heart as my body went numb.

I heard Beta Zeon say, "Alpha, the storm's too dangerous for driving. I'll find a hotel."

From the window, I watched Calvin get back in the car while his beta ran off with an umbrella.

In these three years as Alexis's mother, I never stopped missing my sons. I had people check on them sometimes.

But I couldn't take them from the pack by force, especially when they loved their "Aunt Clara" more than me.

In the bathroom, I stared at my reflection in the mirror. All the painful memories from those three years that I tried to forget came rushing back, making me shake.

I couldn't sleep, worried about my sons.

"Ma'am! It's bad! The young Alpha's fever is getting worse, and he just threw up!"

"Doctor, please open the door." This time it was Calvin's voice.

Though I desperately wanted to avoid him, my maternal instinct was too strong to ignore. After swallowing the lump in my throat, I finally opened the door, only to meet his same cold, piercing gaze.

I stared at him and said with disgust, "Bring the patient in. I'll treat him."

However, Calvin didn't move. His icy blue eyes seemed to bore right through me.

Three years had passed, but he hadn't changed at all. His stillness was irritating me. "If you don't want me to treat your son, you can leave. Stop wasting time."

Still no response. Just as I was about to close the door in frustration, he suddenly wedged his foot in the gap, pushed the door open, and grabbed my arm firmly. "Evelyn, why wouldn't you open the door just now? How can you still be so heartless, just like three years ago!" he said in a low voice.

I yanked my hand back and turned to face him.

I glared at him fiercely. "Don't!" I snapped. "If you want me to treat your son, you'd better stop talking nonsense."

He seemed startled for a moment, then his thin lips curved into a mocking smile. "He's also your child, isn't he? Well, Dr. Blackwell, enough. Please, go ahead and treat my son."

"I'll pay whatever price you name in exchange."

I swallowed hard, my eyes locked on his. Even though his caustic words stung like poison, I refused to look away.

Without another word, he turned and walked back to his car. Before I could speak, my maid Maria offered to hold another umbrella to protect Rhys. After they brought him inside the villa, I led them to my chamber attached to the villa and gestured for Calvin to put him on the narrow white bed.

Seeing my younger son, my heart trembled. His face was flushed red, and he seemed dizzy. I clenched my fists, fighting the urge to rush to his side, hold him tight, and never let go.

"Cure him, and I'll pay any price," Calvin's arrogant voice pulled me back to reality.

"Don't move," I said softly.

I took out my stethoscope and sat beside him. My hands shook as my heart tightened, gently touching his small face.

I didn't want to fall apart in front of that man. My pride and anger toward him wouldn't allow me to show weakness.

I removed my hand from Rhys's face and held his wrist, biting my lips to hold back tears.

My little boy had grown so much. He looked exactly like his father, handsome and elegant, like a work of art. But his eyes were just like mine. How I wished I could see them open.

I quickly gathered the regular medications from the clinic and the specialized werewolf antibiotics I had developed, then gave Rhys an injection.

Thank the Moon Goddess, his high fever started to drop.

While I treated Rhys, Calvin's piercing gaze never left me, making me uncomfortable.

I prepared the medicine and had Rhys take it. "He's had his medicine. He'll be fine after a night's rest," I said, deliberately avoiding Calvin's eyes and looking elsewhere.

"Hmm." He grunted, "Name your price." His words felt like salt in my bleeding wounds.

"My treatment is priceless, Alpha Calvin. Your money isn't welcome here."

My response came out harsher than I intended. I glanced at my sick son, my heart twisting as I said, "Anyway, my work is done. I'll give him another injection in the morning, simple as that. You can leave now."

Just as I was about to leave the room, the door opened. Beta Zeon entered with my maid Maria.

Zeon looked pale and worried. "Alpha, the entire city is flooded. The roads are blocked, and the government has advised everyone to stay home."

"It seems we're stuck here for the night."